

The Mirror

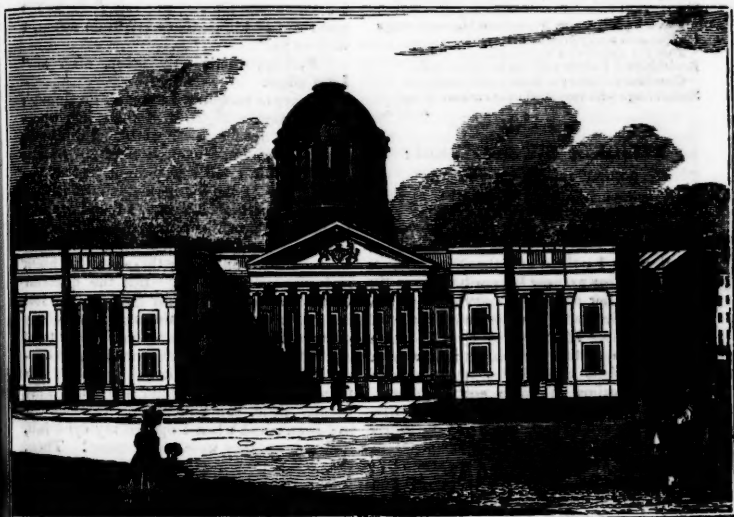
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 652.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

(From a Correspondent.)

WHILE the trade of Liverpool has increased with unexampled rapidity, and the town, under the auspices of its corporation, has assumed altogether a new appearance, the building appropriated to the reception of the Customs is mean and tasteless—unworthy of the present character of the port, and unfit for its extended commerce. These considerations led to the erection of the edifice now completing. The old dock, which had received the infant trade of the port, a century ago, was fixed upon as the site of the new building; and the first stone was laid on the 12th of August, 1828.

This edifice will, when completed, be in the form of a double cross, and will present four fronts, facing the four cardinal points. The north, or principal front, at the bottom of Pool-lane, will be 430 feet in length, having in the centre a portico of eight Ionic columns, each 58 feet in height and 5 feet in diameter at the base: these columns will be surmounted by a magnificent pediment; 111 feet in length, and 58 feet in height at the

pitch. The wings on either side of this portico project forward 85 feet, and are 94 feet in width; while to prevent their offering a flat surface to the eye of the spectator, the front of each is hollowed, and the indenture ornamented by two massive Ionic columns, surmounted by stone rail-work. This magnificent erection will support a dome, rising 127 feet from the ground—the crown of which will rest on a circle of beautiful Corinthian pillars—between which there will be perpendicular windows, that through a lower dome of glass-work will throw a powerful light over the long room of the building.

The middle story is intended to contain forty rooms, appropriated to the reception of the Dock Committee, the Stamp Office, and the Excise. The rooms and passages of the north wing will have domical lights; the ceilings will be paneled; and underneath the long room will be a vestibule, 42 feet wide.

The whole building is from the designs of J. Foster, Esq., and is expected to be completed in about two years.

J. G. B. P.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF TAMBILLO.

"Orrida Notte, che rinchiusa."

DREAD Night! whose ebon tresses are array'd
 Beneath their misty veil in gloom profound,
 Mantling the world with mournful hue around,
 At whose approach all joyous pleasures fade;
 Though now thy tardy lingering I upbraid,
 Weary, alas! of thee, and fever bound,
 How would my harp in praise of thee resound,
 If through thy course my eyelids sleep obey'd!
 I would proclaim, as Night from Heaven springs.
 Its thousand starry crowns the world adorn,—
 That thy approach a charmed solace brings
 Banishing toil; while with thy reign are born
 Countless delights; and such soft flatterings
 Should tinge with rosy blush the envious Morn!

E. L. J.

RELICS OF SUPERSTITION:

DORSET SCRAPS ON FAIRIES.

"There are more things in heaven and earth
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Hamlet.

It was on a lovely night, as the old gossips call it, when I walked over the short grass on the Dorset Downs, near Lulworth. The moon was riding her appointed course, holding a midnight levee with the stars, and a path of clear and silver light rippled from the shore to the edge of the horizon, as if it were a road for spirits and shades to traverse to unknown realms of peace and happiness. The distant ships laid, like things of life, sleeping on the wave;—the revolving lights of Portland vied with the brightest star in the heavens;—the dark woods of Lulworth were stretched below me, and the mansion rose solid and massive—once the abode of exiled royalty, affording in its majestic solitude a melancholy contrast to the stormy feelings and blighted hopes of Charles X. The ridge which lay before me of long and elevated downs of chalk, covered with herbage—its native clothing for centuries—undisturbed, save by the browsing sheep and casual passenger, presented many a dark mound breaking the long line, the venerable tumulus, beneath which have reposed for centuries unknown, the ashes of chieftains, inclosed in their urns of unbaked clay, with beads and daggers, their finery and their glory, placed with the owners in the grave, to rest and sleep! The glow-worm gave forth her modest and alluring light; and Nature seemed sleeping in the moonbeam. The tinkle of the bell-wether of a neighbouring flock sounded even grand and important at so still an hour; and the rough shepherd, in his shaggy coat, as he quietly paced along the hill, after having visited his fold, appeared like a Druid working spells of enchantment over the surrounding district. To him I gladly addressed myself, and led him to subjects of ghosts and fairies, of which he had stores in rich abundance.—"Ah! now," he remarked, "these here rings which you see," pointing to a green circle with his

crook, and of which he perfectly knew the locality, though I could scarcely perceive it, "these here rings are never safe to go in when moon's a-full, 'pend 'pon't, sir."

"You do not mean to say, shepherd, that any harm would come of it?"

"Ah, but I do tho', and am certain sure of it, that's more, now. They be no good for we, nor the likes of us; and they be but queer sort of things that have to do wi'em, I warrant ye."

"Perhaps that's only fancy, after all," I remarked.

"Fancy or no fancy, I wouldn't go through one this time a night, with the moon where she is, no, not for all the world. I did once, and that was quite enough for me. Drat it all, if I didn't fall asleep in it just at the queer time. I know'd no more about it than you did; but when I awoke, I found my legs pricking all over like pins and needles. My feet were tied, and my hands and my face were smudged all over with something black and uncommon greasy. But the queerest thing of all was, I lost my crook—clean lost it; and where do you think it was?—why down in Knowle Church, up in the yew tree! Ah! you may look; but how did *that* happen?—I should like to know. Why, I saw them all a dancing round me: the fairy people—little, hop-o'-my-thumb things—but so lissom; and when I opened my eyes full, and got up, they were clean gone! Then, didn't we lose a pig next day? Didn't Miller Brown's fan break? And wasn't I ever so ill with the lumbago, and let every thing, cups and saucers, and every thing, tremble out of my hands as soon as ever I lifted 'em? It was all they fairies, plague on 'em! But, God bless me! I must not say that after the moon be in the first quarter, 'cause they begin to have their power come then, and it lasts till after the next new one: that's certain sure as I be here!"

The true-believing shepherd little thought how easily I might have unravelled the fairy mystery—at least, the tying of his feet, the smudging his face, and losing of his crook—if I had revealed to him how a friend of mine, catching him asleep, tied his legs, rubbed his face over with some gin and gunpowder, and then marching off with his crook, threw it up in the yew tree, where it was found, to the great astonishment of all the neighbourhood. The poor fellow would have lost half his importance at the village alehouse; and the parishioners would have lost their faith in matters of such mystery and wonder.

Fairies and ghosts have been in all ages, even from the remotest periods of history, objects of universal belief and terror; and in districts where steam, gas, and stage-coaches have not yet penetrated, they still hold despotic sway—and more especially in those

vicinities where Celtic remains may be found.

Ghosts have never done any good—they have appeared merely to terrify the good people; but the community of fairies is somewhat more curious, because these little gentry are constantly meddling and interfering with mundane affairs—affording their protection to those whom they fancy, teasing others by way of frolic, and when in dudgeon (for they are exceedingly capricious) we find them working out some terrible and vexatious loss to the poor wretch who might have offended them. My old shepherd, continuing his budget about these little gentry, gave me a lengthened detail how his master, having ploughed up one of the circles, or rings, was sorely made to repent it;—how the two horses which dragged the plough over the hallowed ground never could sleep at night, but in the morning were always found in a “muck sweat,” tired, and dirty;—that the fairies used to ride them all night full gallop, although the stable-doors used to be locked and fastened, but all to no use;—so that his master was glad to sell them, for they were unfit for work by day, and were magically rode by night. “But I’ve nailed a horse-shoe on the sill o’ the door now!” said he significantly.

The fairies have wonderful habits of industry, and are said to be constantly at work, either in looking after the crops, or helping in the domestic arrangements; and in the mining districts, may be distinctly heard working where the ore runs best and deepest. The dairy and cows are especially under their superintendence; and when they choose to give the farmer’s wife some trouble, they make her churn for hours and hours before the butter begins to appear. They have, moreover, certain emoluments, exclusively their own—namely, every thing, especially liquid, that is spilt; and in some well-regulated families, a portion of any thing peculiarly nice is purposely thrown on the ground, as an offering to the little people, who are ever in attendance, and duly appreciate any mark of civility and respect.

“Last Christmas, the blacksmith in this village,” said my companion, “had a terrible to-do with the fairies: he had a merry-making, and they made some *furmety*, on Christmas-eve, which they boiled on the yule log of the Christmas before, which they had saved on purpose; but they did not spill any for the fairies; and bless’d if they didn’t take notice of it, too! Not one of the people got to bed safe that night: one fell into a ditch, another lost his way—not one but had something or other happen to him—all about this *furmety* business! Then, as for the blacksmith and his wife!—she broke all the crockery in the bed-room—smash! and when he got to bed, he heard his bellows at

work, the hammers a-going like winkey on the anvils, and the whole place,” he said, seemed to be all of a spin with him. “’Twas awful work, that’s certain sure; but when he went to his shop next morning, he found every thing as he had left it!”

The whole party got drunk, thought I; and the work of the spirits was the working of the “best rectified.”

My shepherd, whose belief increased more and more as he opened his budget, then proceeded to relate to me an awful instance of fairy enchantment, which happened to a shepherd many years ago, at the very down we stood upon, and close to the mound or large tumulus known by the name of Culliford Barrow—where, by the by, an annual court is now held, or rather opened from time immemorial, and which gives the name to the hundred in which it stands.

Once upon a time, on the night of the first of May, a shepherd was returning at midnight near the spot, when all of a sudden the sound of the merriest music struck upon his ear; a fellow-servant was with him; and they hastened to the tumulus, when, to their great astonishment, they beheld, through various crevices—from which gleamed a strong, refulgent light—a large and festive party, in a spacious apartment, of which the grass-covered Barrow formed the dome. Curiosity rivetted them to the spot, while the notes of the fiddle kept the party dancing jigs and reels with all their might. A small door was on the side of the mound, through which the mortals peeped, and found it yield to the slightest touch. The shepherd was a young and sprightly fellow, and feeling his very toes dance in his shoes, he proposed to join the lively scene before him, although he felt convinced that the allurements were of a dangerous kind. His companion, though equally fond of dancing, in vain endeavoured to dissuade him from so perilous an adventure; all remonstrance was useless, for the fiddle played an air more enlivening than any of the preceding, and in a moment the shepherd pushed open the door, and walked in before his friend could stop him. The door slammed instantly with great violence; a loud shout of laughter was heard from within; the fiddle ceased; no lights were visible; and the disconsolate and desolate companion found himself on the dreary down, exposed to a pelting storm, amid peals of thunder and flashes of vivid lightning. In vain he tried to discover the door, or seek for a crevice. He called the shepherd by name, as he threw himself on the mound, and applied his ear to the earth, eagerly listening for a sound; but all was silent, and he returned to the vale below with the melancholy tidings of the shepherd’s fate. A “cunning man” who dwelt at Lulworth, and was versed in fairy charms, undertook to restore the unhappy

fellow to the world again, through the agency of his former companion, who was to go to the barrow at midnight, on the first of May following; and being put in possession of a secret charm, consisting of a toad's leg and an ancient flint arrow head, he was to push the door open, and seize the shepherd by the collar, and drag him over the lintel of the door, when the spell would cease. The time arrived; the youth mounted the hill, amidst the prayers of the villagers, who stood shivering with dread in the vale below, and when he approached the tumulus his heart beat with fear. Relying, however, upon the virtue and efficacy of his spells, he approached the spot;—and sure enough, the fiddle was playing, the lights gleamed through the crevices as they did a year ago, and there was the shepherd, dancing with all his might! In an instant he pushed open the door, and went up to him, without regarding the dapper little gentlemen and ladies who formed the party. Having called upon him three times by name, the shepherd cast his eye on him, but without stopping his exercise, replied, he would be with him as soon as he had finished this dance—that he had only been there about ten minutes, but that he would go home with him directly. "Come along with me, I do say, I fear neither devil nor fairy! come along home, I do say!" With that he laid hold of him by the collar, and after a violent struggle, which by no means interrupted the music and dancing of the party, he pulled him over the door, when the spell ceased. Shouts of laughter succeeded the slamming of the door, as the two friends groped their way along the down; nor could the unfortunate shepherd be persuaded of the length of time he had been continually dancing, till he found half his feet were literally worn away—that his sweetheart had married, and had a child—the calves had grown to cows, and his pup was a full-sized dog. "But he was uncommon queer ever after, sir," said the shepherd; "and he could always do a plaguey sight of mischief, whenever he had a mind, to any man's stock, except," continued he, very mysteriously, "the parson's and the exciseman's."

The northern fairies are of a more gloomy nature than those of the southern districts of England, partaking probably of the wild and darker feelings of the Teutonic tribes. The fairies of the south are less morose in their habits, and less mischievous in their tricks, confining themselves to merry jokes and droll pranks, punishing the untidy servant, misleading the benighted countryman, pinching slatterns, or sometimes pulling off all the bed-clothes, and throwing them in the middle of the floor. Their amusements are of the most refined kind, consisting of poetry, music, and dancing;—their pageants are of the most splendid description, beyond what ima-

gination or luxury can conceive;—their dress on highdays and holidays is composed of the choicest and most elegant materials: the pearls of the sea, the rubies of the earth, the sparkling dew-drop, and all the rich jewellery of nature, are used to deck these little figures forth whenever the elfin king or queen chose to hold their court. Living in constant bustle and activity, they follow various propensities, and make mankind their sporting butt. The merry little hero Puck still remains in the memory of the old legend-telling gossips; and near this district a village bears its name, from a well, which was in all probability consecrated to him. The village is now called Pakeswell, or Puck's Well, and a Druidical cromlech is still standing on the hill. In the Isle of Wight, Puck's Stone is well known; and many a story is told of this merry little rogue.

The most mischievous propensity of the fairies is the abduction of babes, especially if unchristened; and the object of running away with them to Elfland, was to bring them up in their course of happy enjoyment and luxurious life. Be this as it may, the fairy people, probably, have to father this propensity to account in the darker ages for the sudden disappearance of children, whom it might have been troublesome or inconvenient to have supported; and when the murdered child was rotting in the earth, gossips and the murderer all agreed that it was revelling with the fairies.

The Romans worshipped these little beings under the name of Sylvan Deities, and erected altars to their memories, in the midst of groves and romantic spots, where the willow waved and the stream rippled. The Satyr and Fauns of mythology are of the same class, although the light and elegant fairy is better suited to win the credence and favour of the superstitious mind, than rude, ugly monsters, with short tails and goat's legs, clambering about the brakes and thickets. The Christian creed has not yet trampled them into obscurity; and there is something so poetical, so simple, and so pleasing in Fairy Mythology, that it would be almost a pity to root it out from the minds of the people, lest in their cravings for something marvellous, they might adopt some superstition less innocent and playful.

"Is there a cunning man living handy here, shepherd?" I inquired.

"Yes, but he can't tackle they fairy people though," he replied. "He does some good things, but he is not any thing like an old woman near this place, who can do any thing she do choose. She be a thorough witch, sir, and knows as well if any body be talking on her as they do, night or day," he added, in a very low tone of voice. "Heigh! Lud a marcy! Lud a marcy! There—there now! only see now! Just speak of her, and

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there she be! O Lud! O Lud! Don't ye go now, sir—pray don't ye! We'll go off the hill together like!"

The shepherd was right; a figure—a tall, masculine woman, with a large, grey cloak—appeared to rise out of the very earth, as she ascended the very precipitous side of the hill. First, her bonnet caught the shepherd's eye; and while he was still speaking, she rose taller and taller, till her feet were upon the ridge of the hill, level with ours.

"Got company, hast ye, John?" said she, eyeing me from top to toe, as she addressed herself to John, who stood quivering from head to foot.

J. S.

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS REQUESTS.*

Sleeping in Church.—Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, in the parish of Claverly, in Shropshire, by deed, in 1659, gave houses and lands in that parish on trust, for the maintenance of a school and certain cottages adjoining to the churchyard of Claverly; and directed that the feoffees should place a poor man in one of the cottages, and pay him 8s. yearly, for which he should undertake to *awaken sleepers and whip out dogs from the church of Claverly during divine service.*

John Rudge, in April, 1725, gave, by will, 20s. a year to a poor man, to go about the parish church of Trysull, in the county of Stafford, during the sermon, to keep people awake, and to keep dogs out of the church.

William Strickland, of Tamside, in Westmoreland, by will, dated May, 1726, gave 2s. yearly for ever to a man to be appointed for whipping dogs out of Crosthwaite church every Sunday; and left a close of land, called Long Orchard, subject to the payment.

Apprentices.—Mr. Henry Dixon, in 1693, gave certain premises to the Drapers' Company, in London, upon trust, to dispose of the profits in putting out apprentice such poor boys, *wheresoever born*, as bore *his Christian and surname*; and such poor boys, *wheresoever born*, as bore *his surname only.*

Keeping up Monuments.—Richard Cambden, by will, in 1642, gave to the churchwardens of Allhallows, Lombard-street, 20l. in trust, on condition that they should pay 5s. yearly to the sexton of the parish, for looking to the monument of his uncle, Christopher Toldervey; and the churchwardens were to have 5s. to buy themselves *gloves*, or spend at a meeting, as they should think fit.

Bibles.—In 1692, Philip Lord Wharton gave lands, &c., in the county of York, to trustees, on condition that they should yearly distribute 1,050 bibles, with the singing

psalms bound up therewith, to poor children; and directed an instruction to be pasted in each bible, that every child who should partake of his charity would be required to learn without book, the 1st, 15th, 25th, 37th, 101st, 113th, and 145th psalms.

Bread and Cheese.—The bequests of bread in the metropolis are very numerous; and as an auxiliary, the following appears in the charities to the parish of St. Bartholomew, by the Royal Exchange:—Richard Croshaw, by will, dated April, 1531, gave to the church stock of this parish 100l., to provide 2s. weekly for ever, to be laid out in good cheese, to be delivered to the poor parishioners, according as they received the bread.

Servants.—John How, in 1674, gave certain rent charges to the mayor of Guildford, for the time being, who, with the magistrates of the said town, should choose two such poor servant maids within the said town, of good report, who should have served masters or mistresses there two years together, which said two servant maids should throw *two dice*, or cast lots; and the mayor should pay one year's clear profit (or rent charge) to such maid as should throw the highest number, or to whom the lot should fall; and the testator directed that the other maid should the next year, if she should inhabit the said town, and not be married, throw dice or cast lots with another maid; but that if any one maid should lose four times, she should be disqualified. The annual amount of the rent charge is 12l.

Turkeys.—John Hall, in 1691, gave unto the churchwardens of St. Clement, Eastcheap, London, 10s. yearly, on the Thursday next before Easter, to provide *two turkeys* for the parishioners, to be eaten at their annual feast, called the reconciling feast, or love feast, usually made on that day.—(This *charity* is not lost.)

Roses on Graves.—Edward Rose, by will, in 1652, directed his body to be buried at Barnes, Surrey, and bequeathed 5l. for making a frame of wood in the churchyard, where he had appointed his burying-place; and ordered three rose-trees or more to be planted about the place where he was interred. He also directed the purchase of an acre of land; and out of the profits thereof, the minister and churchwardens were to keep the said frame of wood in repair; and the said rose-trees to be preserved, and others planted in their places, from time to time. The residue of the profits to be given to the poor.†

Winter Store.—Thomas Williamson gave, in 1674, the sum of 20l. to be laid out in land; the rent to be bestowed upon poor

* See also page 37 of the present volume for other "Curious Bequests," furnished by the same active Correspondent.

† For some further interesting particulars of this Bequest, see *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 175; and of a similar custom at Bletchingley, and Ockley, also in Surrey, vol. xviii. p. 21.

people born within St. John's Chapel, or Castlerigg, in Cumberland, in mutton or veal, at Martinmas, yearly, when flesh might be thought cheapest; to be by them pickled, or hung up and dried, that they might have something to keep them within doors upon stormy days.

P. Q.

Retrospective Cleanings.

IDES.

"A soothsayer bids you beware the *ides* of March."
SHAKESPEARE.

IDES is a term anciently used among the Romans, and still retained in the Roman calendar. It is the 13th day of each month, except in the months of March, May, July, and October, in which it is the 15th day, because in these four months it was six days before the nones, and in the others four days.

The origin of the word is contested; some derive it from *idulium*, or *ovis idulis*, a name given by the Etrurians to a victim offered on that day to Jupiter; others from the Etrurian word *iduo*—i. e. *divido*—because the ides divided the moon into two nearly equal parts, &c.

The ides of May were consecrated to Mercury; the *ides of March* were always esteemed unhappy after Cæsar's murder; the time after the ides of June was reckoned fortunate for those who entered into matrimony; the ides of August were consecrated to Diana, and were observed as a feast-day by the *slaves*; on the ides of September, auguries were taken for appointing the magistrates, who formerly entered into their offices on the ides of May, and afterwards on those of *March*.

P. T. W.

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN.

THE ballad termed "*The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal-green*," which is to be seen in "*Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*," vol. ii. p. 177; "appears (says Brewer,) to have been written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and has for its hero Henry de Montfort, son of Simon, Earl of Leicester, who is believed to have fallen, together with his father, at the battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265). But, according to this legendary writer, the younger de Montfort was not wounded to death, though so much hurt that he was deprived of sight. A fair lady removed him from the field, where he lay helpless among the slain. They were afterwards married; and De Montfort, to avoid any suspicion of his identity, disguised himself as a *silly, blind beggar*, and fixed his abode at Bethnal-green. Tradition terms the house which was built by the wealthy citizen John Kirby, the *palace* of this noted beggar; and it may be mentioned, as a curious instance of parochial attention to a wild anecdote, rendered popular by a

poetical garb, that the staff of the beadle is embellished with an allusion to the story."

John Day, who flourished in the reigns of King James I. and King Charles I., wrote a comedy called "*The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green, with the merry humour of Tom Strowd, the Norfolk Yeoman*." It was divers times publicly acted. Chettle assisted in this play. "*The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green*" was a ballad farce, by Robert Dodsley, 1741. "This is on the same story (says Baker,) with the foregoing. It was acted at Drury Lane, but without much success; and is to be found in a collection of the author's works, published under the modest title of *Trifles*, 8vo., 1748."

P. T. W.

A QUACK OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE following curious account is extracted from *A Journey through England*, in 1723:

"I cannot leave Winchester without telling you of a pleasant incident that happened there:—As I was sitting at the George Inn, I saw a coach with six bay horses, a calash and four, a chaise and four, enter the inn, in a yellow livery turned up with red; four gentlemen on horseback, in blue trimmed with silver; and as yellow is the colour given by the dukes in England, I went out to see what duke it was; but there was no coronet on the coach, only a plain coat-of-arms on each, with this motto,

Argento laborat Faber.

Upon inquiry, I found this great equipage belonged to a mountebank; and that his name being Smith, the motto was a pun upon his name. The footmen in yellow were his tumblers and trumpeters, and those in blue his merry-andrew, his apothecary, and spokesman. He was dressed in black velvet, and had in his coach a woman that danced on the ropes. He cures all diseases, and sells his packets for sixpence a-piece. He erected stages in all the market-towns twenty miles round; and it is a prodigy how so wise a people as the English are gulled by such pickpockets. But his amusements on the stage are worth the sixpence, without the pills. In the morning he is dressed up in a fine brocade night-gown, for his chamber practice, where he gives advice, and gets large fees."

W. H. C.

TOKENS.

It is a remarkable thing in England (says M. de Rochfort, in his *Travels*, printed in 1675,) "that in cities and towns, and in every street of the villages, they strike a particular small piece of copper or brass money, called a *fardin*, which will not pass beyond the street or quarter wherein it was coined. These are generally marked with the name of some citizen or shopkeeper, who buys the privilege

from the king." The history of *token coins* is by no means an uninteresting one; several volumes of catalogues have been published on the subject, but their history is yet a desideratum.

INTEREST OF MONEY.

STEVEN PARLIN, a French ecclesiastic, who travelled in England and Scotland, in 1561, says—"In this country (Scotland), as I have seen it practised, a man who is possessed of one hundred golden, or sun crowns, will lend them to a merchant; for which the merchant will maintain him a whole year in his house, and at his own table, and at the end of the year will return him his money.

ROUNDHEAD FUNS.

HE (a cavalier journalist) says Colonel Mainwaring at London is no gentleman in the Herald's Book. He thinks we at London in the same condition with them at Oxford; for they are so far from showing a *coat-of-arms*, that they have scarce a good *head-piece* among them all;—nay, the king hath hardly any *arms* there, unless it be upon a *sign-post*.

Mercurius Britannicus, March 16, 1646.

DR. CARTWRIGHT,

A BROTHER of Major Cartwright, and the inventor of *weaving by machinery*, and author of some great improvements in the steam-engine, was also a poet of considerable merit; and at the time of his death, a few years ago, was the father of living English bards. The two following specimens, considering his age and infirmities at the periods of their production, are distinguished for spirit and sweetness:—

Stanzas on my 72nd Birth-day.

To fame and to fortune adieu!
The toils of ambition are o'er;
Let folly these phantoms pursue,
I now will be cheated no more.
Resignation be mine and repose,
So shall life be unclouded at last;
And while I prepare for its close,
I will think with a smile on the past.
But as still to the world must be given,
Some share of life's limited span,
The thoughts that ascend not to heaven
I'll give to the service of man.

Stanzas on my 79th Birth-day.

Since even Newton owns that all he wrought,
Was due to industry and patient thought,
What shall restrain the impulse that I feel
To forward as I may the public weal?
By his example fired to break away
In search of truth, through darkness unto day
He tried on vent'rous wings the loftiest flight;
An eagle soaring to the fount of light.
I cling to earth, to earth-born arts confin'd,
A worm of science of the humblest kind.
Our powers, though wide apart as earth and heav'n,
For different purposes, alike were giv'n.
Though mine th' arena of inglorious fame,
Where pride and folly would the strife disclaim,

With mind unwearied still will I engage,*
In spite of failing vigour and of age,
Nor quit the conflict till I quit the stage.
Or if in idleness my life shall close,
May well-earned victory justify repose.

THE SWEDE-STONE.

STRATEGY shows why Saxony has been so often the field of battle between the powers of the north-east and the powers of the south-west of Europe. How frequently have the plains of Leipsic and Lützen, the neighbourhood of Dresden and Bautzen, been scenes of conflict. In one of them, the first battle of Lützen, fought in the Thirty Years' War, in 1632, fell Gustavus Adolphus, the Great, King of Sweden; and the identical spot whereon his body was found after the battle, on the road-side between Lützen and Leipsic, is to this day denoted by the rude memorial seen in the next page.

The circumstances which led to this memorable battle fill a few pages of the most interesting portion of the history of religious liberty. Towards the year 1630, the Emperor Ferdinand II. of Austria was striving, by all means, to increase his power; and was likewise an irreconcilable enemy of the Protestants. One of his schemes was to make himself master of the Baltic, and to prepare an attack upon Sweden. Gustavus Adolphus fortified himself for this strategy; but he found a still more powerful inducement to oppose the arms of Ferdinand, in the war between Catholics and Protestants, which endangered at once the freedom of Germany and the whole Protestant church. Gustavus, who was truly devoted to the Lutheran doctrines, determined to deliver both. After explaining to the estates of the kingdom, in a powerful speech, the resolution he had taken, he presented to them, with tears in his eyes, his daughter Christina, as his heiress, with the presentiment that he should never again see his country: he also entrusted the regency to a chosen council, excluding his wife, whom, however, he tenderly loved.

Gustavus then invaded Germany, in 1630, and landed, with 13,000 men, on the coasts of Pomerania. At first, his operations were greatly impeded by the jealousy and discord that reigned among the Protestant princes of Germany. However, he soon expelled the imperial troops from Pomerania, and forced the Elector of Brandenburg to embrace his true interests, by aiding the enterprise of the Swedes. The King then resolved to hasten to the relief of Magdeberg, which was besieged by the imperial generalissimo, Count Tilly; but his views were frustrated by the strange conduct of the Elector of Saxony,

* These allusions are to a project in which he was engaged at the period of his death. It was to employ the vapour of gunpowder, in place of steam, as a motive power in engines.



(The Swede-Stone.)

who refused to permit him to pass the Elbe; and he had the mortification to receive the intelligence of the fall of that important fortress, accompanied with circumstances of atrocity, which have stamped indelible infamy on the name of Tilly. The haughty and cruel conduct of the imperial commander soon brought the Elector of Saxony to a sense of his situation and true interest; and having joined his forces to those of the King of Sweden, they routed the Imperialists near Leipsic, on September 7, 1631. The victorious Gustavus now advanced along the Maine, as far as the Rhine, forced the city of Mentz to capitulate; drove the Spaniards out of Germany, and freed the Palatinate. He then turned his arms against Bavaria; and Tilly, who endeavoured to dispute with him the passage of the Lech, was again defeated, and perished in the attempt.

His loss was supplied by Wallenstein, who was now placed at the head of the imperial armies; and commenced his operations by driving the Saxons out of Bohemia. Meanwhile Gustavus had advanced into the heart of Bavaria, and made himself master of Munich. As he approached the Austrian dominions, Wallenstein hastened to their relief, and compelled the king to retire. The two armies met at Nuremberg, and formed intrenched camps opposite to each other, where they remained inactive during two months; it being the policy of Wallenstein to avoid a battle, in hopes that the Swedish army would be weakened by famine and disease. At length, the latter made a vigorous attempt to storm the intrenchments of the Imperialists; but, for the first time since their landing in Germany, they received a severe check; and after a fruitless exhibition

of valour, Gustavus was compelled to retire, the whole of the neighbouring country being completely exhausted of provisions.

He was followed into Saxony by Wallenstein; and the two armies again met at the village of Lützen, near Weissenfels. Here a sanguinary battle took place on the 6th of November, 1632; the Imperial troops amounting to 40,000 men, and the Swedish troops to 27,000 men, including the Saxons under Bernard, duke of Saxe Weimar. The battle was fought with great skill, and with the most obstinate courage on both sides. The intrepidity and discipline of the Swedes, however, at length prevailed, and the Imperialists were driven from the field. But the victory was dearly purchased. Besides a great loss of men, the conquerors had to lament the death of their heroic king, who was killed by a musket-shot while leading on his cavalry to a charge against the broken ranks of the enemy.* After the battle, his body was found, by the soldiers sent in search of it by Bernard, under a heap of dead, but so much mutilated by the hoofs of horses, as to be recognised with difficulty. It was lying near a large stone, which, in commemoration of this circumstance, was called the *Schedenstein*, (Swede-Stone,) and which still indicates the spot where the great vindicator of the religious liberties of Germany terminated his victorious career. The King's buff coat was carried to Vienna, where it is still kept; but the body was conveyed to Weissenfels: there the heart was buried,

* The circumstances of his death have been related in various and contradictory ways; but it is known from the letter of an officer who was wounded at his side, that he was killed on the spot by an Austrian ball.—The date on the Stone will be seen to differ from that of the battle.

24. x - 172.
16. 30 - 218.

and remained in the land for which it had bled.

Our acknowledgments for the original of this engraving are due to our esteemed correspondent *F.*, who made the sketch while travelling through Saxony a few months since. The inscription is "G. A. 1633;" around are four stone seats; a willow overhangs in sorrowing beauty, and the adjoining direction-post brings the turmoil of towns into melancholy contrast. This may be but a humble memorial of the Thirty Years' War, which the genius of Schiller has chronicled with masterly spirit: yet, as our Correspondent aptly observes, "The simplicity of this monument attracts the notice of strangers more than if it were a pillar of marble, with all the actions of a remarkable life recorded on it. As Sir Walter Scott said, in speaking of Napoleon's grave, 'a huge stone only was placed over the remains of one who needs no monument.'" 212

The Public Journals.

A RIDE IN THE PAMPAS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

In our rapid return across the Pampas, we were frequently alarmed by reports of hostile Indians being on the path, and were entertained by our terrified peons with tales of their ferocity and blood-thirstiness. Mounted on the most powerful and fleet horses, and themselves the best horsemen in the world, wherever they came their course was tracked in blood. Their many conflicts with the Spanish usurpers of their country had created a spirit of the bitterest hostility in the breasts of both parties, and the idea, on either side, of sparing a foe who had fallen into their hands was never entertained.

Small parties of Indians, armed with their spears of eighteen feet in length, had frequently attacked and burnt the unprotected huts of the Gauchos, remorselessly slain the men, the old and the ugly of the women, and carried the young and good-looking with them into the heart of the Pampas. We became accustomed, however, to these recitals of cruelty, and having come within three hundred miles of Buenos Ayres without seeing any of these flying parties, ceased to consider them an object of alarm.

We were within three days' gallop of the coast; I was a few miles ahead of my companions, when an ostrich crossed me at some distance, and I pushed off alone after him. I had acquired some little skill in the use of the lasso,* and being mounted on a horse of extraordinary speed and power, made myself

sure of my prize. There is perhaps no sport in the world so intensely interesting as that in which I was engaged; miles pass with minutes, and the sight of the noble chase continually in view, keeps alive an ardour which absorbs every faculty. I had made several unsuccessful casts, but still kept up the pursuit with reckless impetuosity, when my horse suddenly fell with me into a *bisacchero*,† and, rolling over my body, bruised me severely. Fortunately I still retained hold of the bridle, but unable to rise, lay helplessly on my back, gazing upwards upon innumerable bright and fantastic objects which seemed to fill the atmosphere. At length, when the sickness had in some measure left me, I managed to get into the saddle, and walked my horse slowly in the direction, as I thought, of the road which I had left. I now began to reflect that, as my course had been almost at right angles to the track leading to the coast, and as I had continued great part of an hour with unabated speed in the chase, there was no possibility of my overtaking my friends, compelled as I was by the pain of my bruises to proceed at the most gentle pace possible. I felt also, from the frequent tripping of my horse, that he was well-nigh spent, and now for the first time the appalling nature of my situation burst fully on my mind.

I was alone in a trackless plain,—without the power of reaching the path I had left, and certain, unless some wandering Gaucho should by good fortune pass me, to perish with hunger or severe thirst, which, from the bruises I had received, began to parch up my frame. I swept the horizon with a glance dimmed by sickness and terror, but, save a herd or two of wild cattle feeding among the deep clover, there was nothing to break the sameness of the view. A troop of the naked Indian horsemen, of whose cruelties I had lately heard so much, would at that moment have been welcome to my sight.

Often, as the nature of the dreadful death to which I seemed doomed shot through my heart, I struck my spurs into my horse's sides with a convulsive movement, but the groaning of the fatigued animal, and the agony which the least acceleration in his pace created in my bruised limbs, caused me as often to return to a slow walk, and to

† The *bisaccheros* are holes burrowed in the ground by an animal called a *bisaccho*, and were it not for the soft nature of the plains, it would be extremely dangerous to cross them on horseback, as it is in many instances impossible to avoid the *bisaccheros*, and the speed at which the horses go would generally render a fall on hard ground mortal. The "balls" spoken of consist of three brass globes which the Gauchos wheel round their head, till they acquire sufficient impetus, and then they are darted with such force and dexterity as to bring down a bird in its flight, or to stun the strongest bull, stallion, gama, or lion. The lasso and the balls are in the hands of the Gauchos from their earliest years,—hence their inimitable skill in using them.

* It is possible that some readers may require to be informed, that the *lasso* of the South Americans is composed of plaited thongs of raw leather, softened with grease, and with a running noose at one end, which is thrown with astonishing dexterity over any part of the object of pursuit.

yield myself up to despair. In a short time, the thirst which I suffered became so intolerable, that I decided on opening a vein in the neck of my horse, in order to quench it in his blood. I knew very well that the best way to relieve my thirst, and assuage the fever which caused it, would have been to draw a little blood from my own veins, instead of that of my jaded steed; but I was fearful that, if fainting came on, I might bleed to death. I therefore took out the instrument, and was about to dismount in order to perform my little operation. Before doing so, however, I cast another longing look around me; and, to my inexpressible joy, beheld a horseman gallop out from behind a large herd of wild cattle which had for a little time concealed him. I hallooed with all my might, but the feeble sound must have died along the plain before it reached him, for he kept on his course. At last I fired one of my pistols, and I could instantly see his horse turn, and sweep towards me at a rapid pace. I had time to reload my pistol, loosen my knife in its sheath, and fix my almost sinking faculties upon the danger probably before me; for I knew that a Gaucho, meeting an unprotected stranger like myself on the plains, would think nothing of cutting his throat for the sake of his bridle and spurs, besides the possibility of finding a few dollars in his purse. Fortunately, however, my fears were groundless; the rider who had so opportunely crossed me proved to be a Gaucho boy, of about eleven or twelve years of age. I returned my pistols to my girdle, and uttered an ejaculation of gratitude. The little fellow came dashing up to me at full speed, crying, as he checked his horse, till the animal fell almost on his haunches, "Dios mio! qué es esto?"—"My God! what is this?" I shortly explained to him my misfortune, and requested to be taken to his home,—which I found was at a few miles' distance, lying farther south than any other Gaucho hut. He gave me a drink of water from a cow's horn, which was slung round him, and never till my dying day shall I forget the exquisite feeling of pleasure which that delicious draught communicated to my parched frame. He then pulled some dried beef from a bag which hung at his saddle bow, and I ate a few mouthfuls to relieve the faintness which my long abstinence from food had created. Thus, having performed the duties of hospitality, the young horseman dashed away in the direction I was to accompany him, whirling his *lusco* above his head, and his *poneho* streaming like a pennon behind,—then ever and anon returning to my side with an "Alegrarse! alegrarse! vamos! vamos! señor."—"Cheer up! cheer up! come on, come on, señor!" In this way, after a most painful march, we arrived at his hut, which was larger and more

neatly built than any I had seen, containing two apartments, besides a covered shed at a little distance to serve the purposes of a kitchen. The very *corral** was not surrounded by the usual quantity of filth, the cause of which was at once to be traced to the great number of hawks and heavy-looking gorged vultures which sat upon the stakes of the inclosure, remaining, as I rode past, almost within reach of my extended arm. They had gathered round this settlement in greater numbers than I had seen in any other place on the Pampas, and were also larger than any I had before met with. A few noble horses were shut up in the *corral*, which, by their neighing as we passed, proved that they had been but lately reclaimed from the plains. Everything around looked less like the squalid hut of a wretched Gaucho, than the decent home of an independent agriculturist; and had it not been for the *corral*, and the heaps of bones of every kind scattered about, I could have fancied this to be the dwelling of some whimsical foreigner, who had chosen to leave his vineyard in Languedoc, or his farm in Sussex, to share with the wild horse, the gama, and the lion, the freedom of the plains of Paraguay.

But, if I was surprised at the comparative neatness of the place, I was soon much more so at the extraordinary behaviour of its master, as, lifting aside the bullock's hide which served as a door to the dwelling, he came forth to meet me. I should mention here that the Gauchos are famed for their hospitality, and that they almost universally retain the grave politeness for which Spaniards have always been remarkable. To such an extent, in fact, is this carried, that a Gaucho never enters his hut without lifting his cap with a gesture of respect, though there may be none but the members of his own family within. I was, therefore, surprised to perceive that, instead of welcoming me with the cordial alacrity which I had elsewhere universally received, the Gaucho started as his eyes fell upon me, and sliding his hand down towards his heel, drew forth his long knife with a threatening gesture. So soon as I had saluted him, however, and explained my misfortune, he seemed to recover himself, and muttering some words of apology as he replaced his weapon, he begged me to enter his hut, and to consider it as my own. Faint and weary as I was, I could not but perceive the constraint and reluctance with which he uttered this usual compliment, and, as the most delicate way of noticing it, expressed a hope that the entertainment of a traveller for a night under his roof would not in any way

* An inclosure generally 30 or 40 yards in diameter, formed of strong stakes driven into the ground, in which the cattle destined for slaughter or the saddle are placed. In the Pampas, the corral is usually placed 50 or 100 yards from the Gaucho's hut.

incommoded him. He turned his quick grey eye on me as I spoke; but seeing, I presume, nothing like suspicion on my features, began busily to occupy himself in releasing my horse from his *recado*, or saddle, and bridle, as he expressed his pleasure in being honoured by the presence of a cavalier like myself. "Your must excuse an old man, *senor*," said he, if he is somewhat cautious and fearful: in these wild plains there are more *salteadores*, (robbers) than honest Christians; besides, we have certain information that the Indians are somewhere in these parts: they have burnt some huts in the clover ground east, and may be upon us (may the mother of God protect us!) before the morning: a man is rarely at his ease when he knows his throat may be cut before the next meal, *senor*, and therefore, I pray you, pardon my want of courtesy." And then giving the horse a lash with the bridle, he moved towards the hut, desiring me, in the true Spanish style, to consider both himself and his dwelling as created only for my pleasure. I had been too often told of the Indians, to be alarmed at the story of my host, besides that I considered it as a *ruse* intended to hasten my departure; and though I was utterly at a loss to discover the cause of his churlishness, I was too much occupied by my own suffering to notice it further than mentally to determine on leaving the station the next morning at all hazards.

The inside of the hut was more clean and neat than usual in the Gauchos' cottages; the *bolas*, or balls, and the *lassos*, the bridles, spurs, and other implements, were arranged in an orderly manner along the walls,—the cradle, made of a bull's hide, suspended by leathern thongs to the rafters, occupied a remote corner of the apartment,—the charcoal fire burnt cheerily, while the lamp, fed by bullock's tallow, suspended from the roof, poured a clear light into the recesses of the room. The night had fallen during my late slow ride, and the cold had seized upon my stiffened limbs with great severity. It had benumbed rather than chilled me, the feverish heat raging as it were within my frame, while my extremities were almost insensible, and covered with a cold sweat. The warmth of the room, however, presently equalized the heat in my whole body, and I prepared to take away some blood from my arm. There was an instant stir among several dark heaps which lay upon the floor, and four or five women, with twice as many children—black, brown, and red—gathered round me to look at the operation,—the most common and favourite one among all Spaniards. An old black woman, who, from her appearance, and from her bringing in the huge piece of roast beef on the spit, seemed to be the cook of the establishment, held the vessel to receive the blood, and being more occupied in

examining my dress than in the duty of the moment, performed her part so awkwardly that I reproved her in an angry and loud tone for her inattention.

The family gathered round and ate their evening meal; each individual, even to the children, cutting with their knives a piece from the huge joint. This, with water, formed their repast; for bread there is none in the plains. Each then bent for a few moments before a little image of the Virgin which hung at one end of the hut; and, lying down on the floor as chance or whim directed them, they were soon fast asleep. The old Gaucho, however, and a very pretty mulatto girl with a child in her lap, sat at the fire as if waiting for some one. The youthful mother bent over her slumbering infant's features wherein some secret grief seemed blended with maternal anxiety. She frequently turned her eyes towards the door, and then to the old Gaucho, with an expression of surprise or fear at the protracted delay of some one whom she named Teobaldo. The old man never answered her, but seemed to be wrapped up in deep reflection. The ruddy light of the charcoal fire fell upon his harsh features, deep dark eyes, and grizzled beard, discovering every furrow on his face with painful distinctness, and clothing his lineaments with a kind of lurid light, which increased the savage, though slumbering, ferocity of their expression. At length, when the young woman again turned her eyes filled with tears upon him, and spoke in a querulous tone of the delay of Teobaldo, the old man uttered an imprecation, and, grinding his teeth, commanded her to be silent. He then relapsed into his former moody abstraction, while I could see the tears streaming down the cheeks of the terrified girl upon her sleeping infant, fast and freely as from a fountain.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

A DREAM OF THE DEAD.

Spiritus Dormienti Loquitur.

STAY, mortal, stay!—thy footstep hangs

Abrupt upon the opening grave:

Though from its sure avoidless pangs

No human power can save,

"Twere well that thou in life should'st know,

What all in death must undergo.

Why were it well? such prescience dread,

Why to thy destined ear allowed?

It will not sooth thy dying bed,

That I its woes unshroud.

Feel them—as all shall feel—thou must,

Till every bone hath turned to dust.

They are no longer mine.—What'er

Of matter or of form had I,

The elements reclaimed it; there

Fixed, till eternity

Shall call it back; to meet the doom

Unknown, though dreaded, in the tomb.

What am I now—thus unpossessed

Of earthly frame and earthly wo?

Dwell I in torment, or in rest?

My spirit may not show.

The graves would open at that sound,
And all their dead would rave around.

Thy hand was on my darkening brow :—
To thee my dying glance was given :—
I lost the human voice, while thou
Spoke through thy tears of heaven :—
The cold thin breath, that shuddering passed
Along thy lips—it was my last.

Yet still, within the lifeless clay
My spirit filled thy weary prison :—
I heard thee thank our God, and say,
"The soul from strife hath risen."
Alas !—what lingering length of pain
Still held me to mine earthly chain !

A strange and separated sense
O'ercame me then, like eye and ear—
Not of thy world, but some intense
Pulse of another sphere.
I heard and saw :—yet all did seem
Like what of life was once my dream.

Around me I beheld the hired,
Regardless, customary, band :—
Friends—kindred—all—even thou—retired,
And left me to their hand :—
Rudely they bound my moveless feet,
And wrapped me in the winding-sheet.

They spoiled the darkly-waving hair,
Which oft had o'er thy bosom flowed ;
When little was our thought such care
Would on it be bestowed.—
Those locks—thy love—thy joy—thy pride—
Like common things, were cast aside.

And still, the servants of the tomb
In ruthless mirth went gaily on ;
They urged their toil till evening's gloom :—
'Twas done, and they were gone.
They left me on my funeral bed—
Alone—the work of death was sped.

Then passed a dreary time ; till thou
Came, with me the sad night to share :—
Pale resignation on thy brow
Held conflict with despair.
Again thy kiss was on my cheek :—
I felt—I saw—but could not speak.

Yet sorrow—joined with silence—bade
Ere morn that solemn vigil close :
Thy head was on my pillow laid—
So long its sweet repose.
The dead awoke—the living slept—
Thy fancy smiled—my spirit wept.

So lingered on three nights and days,
With their sad tribute duly shed ;
Till other hirelings came to raise
My body from its bed.

They placed me in my coffin :—thou
Drew the last curtain o'er my brow.
Oh ! how my death-bound spirit strove
To kiss that dear, receding hand !—
Not longer could I see thee, love :—
Scarce hear the kind command,
That bade them touch but tenderly
The limbs so cared and loved by thee.

They closed my narrow, dark abode :—
The screw's sharp grinding stung my brain ;
Through every nerve it chilled and glowed,
With quick, alternate pain.
Then other days and nights renewed
My damp and sightless solitude.

Till swung they forth the funeral bell,
With melancholy sound and slow :—
How keenly did that iron knell
Through sense and spirit go !
Each minute of its numbered toll
Flung weights upon my struggling soul.

The dragging of the slow, dull hearse—
The trissel's shock—the lifted pall—
The deep-toned prayer—the anthem'd verse—
I heard, and felt them all.

To stay their pang, I would have given—
Pardon me, Lord !—thy promised heaven.

But on they bore me to the grave :—
My coffin o'er its depth they swung :
The rattling cords their signal give ;
And thrice the clay was flung :—
Thrice—dust to dust—that hollow peal,
Thou must, like me, its torture feel.

And then, the grave-mould, thick and damp,
Was rudely shovelled on my breast :
I heard the quick, retiring tramp,
The sexton's careless jest.

It ceased—and I was deaf and blind
To voice and look of human kind,
Silence and darkness all. I lay—
How long I know not—charnelled there :
No change had I of night or day,
To reckon my despair.

I thought ;—and moments seemed to be
Ages of blank infinity.

I could not pray : within the grave
Nor hope nor penitence have power :
Whether to punish or to save,
Death brings the judgment hour.

Of human guilt, or grace divine,
The memory—nothing else—was mine.
Then steamed o'er forehead, lip, and eye,
Thick-clinging vapours ; and I felt
Covered as with a brazen sky.*

Whose fiery arch would melt
My spirit in its close descending—
Darkness and flame so strangely blending.

This plague had its appointed time :—
Another followed. O'er my bed
The cold worms dragged their shuddering slime,
And on my bosom fed ;

Still rolling in unsated ring
Around that fearful banqueting.

Then on my slow-corrupting brain†
A loathsome creature slept and swelled :—
It heaved unutterable pain ;
And there alone it dwelled—
Alone—for with its torment I
Held fierce and friendless unity :—

As with, and in, its lingering life
My spirit on itself had preyed ;
Replete with blood, with feeling rife,
And sense, till all decayed—
And died :—last hour of death to me,
And first of immortality !

For, from the trance of buried wo,
I woke :—and light, and life, and air,
In other worlds were mine. But no—
I tell not how, or where.

That lesson must my love deny ;
Since, but to hear it, were to die.
Awake !—my pangs are destined thine :
My grave is thy determined bed :
There the same hands shall thee consign,
And place thy wearied head.

A higher power my words doth chain :
I dare not say—WE MEET AGAIN.

Long after I had composed this speculation upon a subject whereon my mind too constantly dwells, and whereto my studies are too frequently devoted, I met an anecdote, related by Dr. Chrichton, physician to the present Czar :—

A young girl, ill of a nervous affection, seemed to be dead ; all the tokens of death

* "Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass."—*Deut.* xxviii. 23.

† The *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1838, in narrating the exhumation of Hampden's body, in that year, nearly two centuries after his death, describes the seat of the brain occupied with "maggots and red worms, on the feed with great activity."

appeared. When they were about to place her in her coffin, she revived. Her story was, that she seemed to dream she was dead, but was sensible to every thing passing around her. She distinctly heard the lamentations of her friends, felt them wrap her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. She described her sensations as very contradictory; as if she was and was not in her body at the same instant. She attempted in vain to open her eyes, to move, or to speak. Her agony was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which suddenly resumed its power over her corporeal organization.

There was one, who—had such things been in death, or could they have been told in human ear—would have come to me, sleeping or waking, and partnered me in her sufferings.

E. L. L. S.

Tail's Edinburgh Magazine.

New Books

THE SEA-SERVICE.

[This is an entertaining little book, and is cheap in the best sense of the term; for it contains in about 160 pages a concise, historical, and practical outline of the navy, from the origin of ship-building to the present improved state of naval science.]

The writer, a lieutenant in the United States' navy, who has served nearly nineteen years, and more than half of it in cruising ships at sea, must be allowed to have entered on his task with the qualification of experience. Whilst an ardent love of his profession rendered the subject peculiarly agreeable, he felt also that it ought to be of great and universal interest. What person, indeed, of the least reflection, can look upon that perfect and most beautiful of all artificial objects, the sailing ship, with the quiet and ordinary interest that other works of art inspire? Who can behold her gliding proudly and gracefully over the bosom of the deep, braving its perils, and disregarding the opposition even of the element by which she is propelled, and at length arriving safely, freighted with all her treasures of comforts, luxuries, and intellectual stores, without pausing to admire, and to bless this great link in the chain of our civilized existence.

[The work is divided into three sections—Ship-building, Navigation, and Naval Warfare. In the two former, the details are unencumbered with technicalities, and the practice and phenomena of ship-building and navigation are explained in an unadorned and simple manner, so as to make the reader familiar with the leading details of the subject—an object, by the way, of desirable

importance; for some acquaintance with nautical technicalities is requisite for every one who wishes to figure in the conversation of the world. Yet the acquaintance of people, generally, with such matters, is little better than lamentable ignorance. The outlines of naval warfare, in the third section, are written with equal simplicity; and such of its stirring scenes as stand most prominently from the canvass of history are sketched with graphic vigour, so as to render this portion by no means unworthy of the vivid pen of the author of *A Year in Spain*, quoted in a former volume of this Miscellany.

The section on Ship-building opens with the]

Origin of Ships.

It is an old tradition, that the first idea of the canoe was suggested by a split reed, seen by some ingenious savage floating safely upon the billow. Be this as it may, there can be little doubt that the raft, as it is the most easy and obvious means of crossing the water, was likewise of most early invention. The savage who first ventured forth upon a solitary tree, that the river had brought within his reach, must have found his situation unsteady and precarious: his ingenuity suggested the idea of fastening several together, and the conveyance became at once a safe one. The earliest records which history affords on this subject, show the Egyptians traversing the Nile upon rafts. The Phœnicians also availed themselves of the invention; and we are told that many islands, even the remote ones of Sicily and Corsica, were colonized with no better assistance. This will seem less improbable, if we remember that the Peruvians still make sea-voyages on their raft, called *batza*, from the spongy tree of which it is made. It consists of a number of logs tightly bound together, and strengthened transversely by beams. They are tapered at the prow, to facilitate the division of the water, whilst vertical planks, descending below the surface, prevent drift, and enable it to sail towards the wind. These *batzas* we have met in the open ocean, loaded with from ten to twenty tons of merchandise, and contending effectually with the trade-wind which prevails along the coast of Peru. This form of ship is not, however, always safe; lifted as the logs are unequally upon the waves, the thongs which bind them together, if old or neglected, sometimes break or disengage; the bark of the mariner disappears treacherously beneath him, or the logs, crashing rudely together, serve for his destruction. Yet the attempts of the uncivilized navigator do not always shun comparison with those of a maturer age. We find the native of north-western America, in his little skin-covered bark of admirable symmetry, venturing forth amid the most boisterous waves, which pass harmless over him;

and outstripping the fleetest barge in his rapid course. The flying proa of the Ladrone islands sail towards the wind with unequalled nearness, and with a velocity far greater than civilized man has ever attained, with all the aids of philosophy.

[The papyrus vessels of the Egyptians are noticed—next, those of the Phœnicians, and then the]

Chinese Junks.

It is believed,—and the fact is wonderful,—that the Chinese have floated down through thirty centuries in the same shapeless junk which now excites the ridicule of our seamen, and which they are yet unwilling to exchange for the improved models which daily pass them in their own seas, and continually force upon them the most humiliating comparisons. In the Chinese junk of our day we may, perhaps, see the counterpart of what the ship was in the days of the Phœnicians and of incipient navigation.

[The ships of the Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, are next noticed, not forgetting the Grecian galleys and war-ships, and the stupendous vessels, or floating palaces, of Trajan and Hiero; the latter a wonder of Syracusan art. Next are the vessels of the Saxon pirates, and others from the Great Harry of the sixteenth century to the American schooner of the present day; till we say, with Sir Walter Raleigh, “whoever was the first inventor of ships, every age has added somewhat to them.” Then follow plain and even interesting details, as the qualities of a good ship—the draught, bow and stern, breadth and depth, ship-timber, putting the frame together, floor-timbers, planking, sheathing, and launching—in the latter are these particulars of an]

Ancient Launch.

Among the ancients, a launch was ever an occasion of great festivity. The mariners were crowned with wreaths, and the ship bedecked with streamers and garlands. Safely afloat, she was purified with a lighted torch, an egg, and brimstone, and solemnly consecrated to the god whose image she bore. In our less poetic times, there is no lack of feasting and merriment, though, instead of the torch, the egg, and the brimstone, the oldest sailor breaks a bottle of rum (unless, indeed, he may have slyly substituted water as more appropriate to a christening) over the head of the emblem—still, perchance, the image of father Neptune or Apollo.

[Next are shipping the rudder, getting the sheers ready, sparring, masts, sails, equipping, cargo, anchor and cable, weighing, sailing, tacking, veering, lying to before the wind, and, lastly, the]

Perfection of a Ship.

And are we not justified in expressing our admiration at this great achievement of man

—the production of this wonderful machine—the most complicated, most perfect, sublimest of all the works of art? If it be well said that man is the noblest work of God, it may with equal truth be asserted that the ship is the noblest work of man. Our language has indeed done well in awarding to her the honours of personification. It were a vain task to attempt enumerating the various geometrical problems involved in her design, or the multiplied mechanical principles combined in her construction. Let us only, forgetting all we know, endeavour to realize the immeasurable distance and difficulties between the trees growing in the forest, the iron and copper buried deep in the bowels of the earth, the hemp and flax waving in the fields, the tar sealed up in its timber, and the actual achievement of the sailing ship! Yet a very short time—a single month—suffices to transform these rude productions into the magnificent machine, which, notwithstanding its mountain-form, obeys each command of the mariner; goes from the wind, towards it, halts, or redoubles its velocity, obedient to his voice; in which he launches boldly forth amid the horrors of a troubled ocean; braves them successfully; conducted by the inspirations of a sublime philosophy, attains the most distant shores; accomplishes his purpose, and returns enriched, enlightened, and triumphant, to his home.

[This is but an outline of the first section of our little sea book. The second embraces Navigation, as the qualifications of the ancient pilot, from our old school friends Acestes and Palinurus to La Perouse and Parry; the ancient custom of propitiating a voyage; the aid of the stars and the construction of the Pharos; and the touching ceremony of]

Offering Vows.

Upon those who had escaped shipwreck, gratitude was more deeply incumbent. In addition to other sacrifices proportioned to their means, they usually offered the garment in which they were saved, together with a picture descriptive of the disaster. If nothing else remained to them, the hair was shorn from the head, and consecrated to the tutelar deity; hence offering the hair was the last vow of the distressed mariner. There is much that is beautiful in these simple acts of piety; but, except in some Catholic countries of the Mediterranean, where pictures of rescue and garments are still hung before the shrine of an invoked intercessor, and where processions are still made, after escape from shipwreck, none of these touching customs now remain. What can be more beautiful than the grateful sense of divine interference with which Columbus and his followers hasten to fulfil their vows after their safe return to Palos? Such piety,

if it availed not to avert present danger, at least served to inspire confidence to meet it; and, when past, the gratitude which it occasioned must have tended at once to refine the sentiments and ennoble the heart.

[The Carthaginians are next treated with proper consideration of their services to navigation, which, after the fall of Carthage, remained stationary for centuries. Next is the invention of the compass late in the twelfth century; then of charts and the astrolabe, by Prince Henry of Portugal. Still, these were but slender means wherewith Columbus might effect his discoveries. Then come the improvements of Nunes, Mercator, and the quadrant, sextant, and circle, to Maskelyne's amended tables of the moon. Then the finding of longitude by the watch is explained; next latitude and longitude, the log, and the actual practice of the art.

The section on Naval Warfare is of equal completeness; beginning with the plunder of the Phœnicians, or the origin of maritime war and naval armies. Then comes the earliest battle of ancient times, or]

Salamis.

There are one or two incidents, which took place during the battle, not a little characteristic of the mode of fighting and of the manners of the times. We are told of a Grecian galley being sunk by an Ionian of the Persian fleet; this, in turn, sustained a like fate, being run down by a galley of Egina. But, before their vessel sunk under them, the Ionians had time to throw themselves into the ship of their antagonists, and by the desperate bravery to which they were urged by their situation, seconded by their dexterity in the use of the spear, for which they were famous, gained possession of the Eginetic galley. Still more peculiar was the stratagem by which the queen Artemisia contrived to escape. She had opposed the engagement; but when it was determined to give battle, she displayed greater valour than any of the followers of Xerxes, so that he took occasion to say, as he viewed her conduct from his throne on a neighbouring eminence, that only the women of the fleet behaved like men. This unsustained courage involved her, at length, in imminent danger, and she found herself hotly beset by many enemies, when, as the only means of escape, she resorted to the stratagem of hoisting Grecian colours, and attacking a Persian ship, commanded by one Damasithymus, king of Calynda, which she speedily sent to the bottom. This deed, doubtless, cost her the less, that Damasithymus had once been her enemy. Her pursuers, seeing this, believed her vessel to be one of their own fleet, and so Artemisia escaped.

[Next are described the galleys, war-engines, and fireships of the Carthaginians, Greeks, and Romans, not omitting]

Greek Fire.

The Greek fire has lately been reinvented by an American of the name of Brown. He discharges it, like any other fluid, from a common engine, and, from its resinous and cohesive nature, projects it much farther. As it passes out of the tube into the open air, a match, placed at the end, converts it into liquid fire, of a destructive energy, not at all inferior to what is attributed to that of the Greeks. He has offered his invention to the Government; and, as connected with a system of steam-batteries for the defence of our coast, it would prove terribly efficacious.

[Then follow the invention of cannon, and four graphic pages, describing the famed battle of Lepanto. We now come to the *working*, to the mode of engagement, which is admirably marked out. This is followed by brief but satisfactory sketches of celebrated modern engagements, as the *Bonne Homme* and *Serapis*—the Nile—and *Trafalgar*. From the date of the latter victory the writer considers naval warfare has undergone but slight modification; "the English contented with beating the French wherever they met, took little pains to increase that superiority which was already so decided." With the Americans, however, the case was different, and the remainder of the volume is occupied with notices of their naval engagements, as the *Guerrière* and *Constitution*, which is described with genuine American enthusiasm; the *Wasp* and the *Frolic*, and the deadly battle of Lake Erie. To these are added the projected American improvement, "by bombs discharged horizontally, instead of shot from common cannon."

[With this sketchy outline of its contents we are content to leave "the Sea-Service" to its intrinsic merits; although several bright pages might be quoted as fair and entertaining specimens of the manner in which the writer has executed his task of compressing, by the *hydrostatic* screw, the historical interest and practical details of one of the most important of all arts into—a pocket volume for two shillings and sixpence, or half of what has caused many a battle—a crown.]

The Gatherer.

Ballads.—Fragments of original ballads and lampoons current during the Civil Wars, or immediately after their conclusion.

A man that is arm'd
With liquor is charm'd
And proof against strength and cunning,
He scorns the base humour of running.
Our brains are the quicker,
When seasoned with liquor,
So let's drink and sing,
Here's a health to the King,
And I wish in this thing,
Both the Roundheads and Covies agree.

Sing hey! trolly, lolly, loe!

Literature.—Some literary reputations die in their birth; a few are nibbled to death by critics; but they are weakly ones that perish thus, such only as must otherwise soon have come to a natural death. Somewhat more numerous are those which are overfed with praise and die of the surfeit. Brisk reputations, indeed, are like bottled twopenny, or pop, "they sparkle, are exhaled, and fly," not to heaven, but to the limbo.—*Southey.*

National Holydays.—There are four days which ought to be religiously observed in these kingdoms as national holydays, for thanksgiving and joy: that on which Magna Charta was obtained, Queen Elizabeth's accession, that of the Restoration of the monarchy, and that on which the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay.—*Southey.*

In the reign of Henry VIII. it is affirmed that no fewer than 72,000 criminals were hanged: Sir Thomas More describes them as strung up by scores upon a gibbet all over the country. Even in the golden days of good Queen Bess, the executions were from three to four hundred annually.

Consumption.—Dr. Beddoes remarks that pulmonary consumption is rarely or ever known to occur in a butcher's family; and the reason he assigns for this is, that they have always plenty of animal food.

Turpin.—Mrs. Fountain, a celebrated beauty of her day, and nearly related to Dean Fountain, was once saluted by Turpin in Marylebone Gardens, which occupied the site of the present Manchester Square. "Be not alarmed, Madame," said he; "you can now boast of having been kissed by Turpin!" The hero of the road marched off unmolested.

Lines, by the Princess Olive of Cumberland.

At Eve the lily's head appears
Oppress'd with Nature's dewy tears;
Weeping throughout the live-long night,
Until the sun's returning light
Chases those pearly drops away,
Which fall submissive to the day.
Ev'n thus, while others calm repose,
And lock'd by sleep, their eyelids close,
I count the lingering hours in vain,
Oppress'd with grief—inured to pain;
Fast rain the tear-drops from mine eyes,
While echo pale repeats my sighs;
And, oh! less happy than that flower,
No sunbeam cheers my waking hour.

Court Magazine.

We have in England a great deal of what may be more truly called the pride than the spirit of independence.—*Southey.*

A Lord Chancellor and his Mimic.—William Mountfort, the actor and dramatic author, was also a great mimic, and born in the year 1659. He was entertained for some time in the family of the Lord Chancellor Jeffries, "who," says Sir John Resesby, "at an entertainment of the Lord Mayor and court of Aldermen, in the year 1685, called for

Mr. Mountfort to divert the company, as his lordship was pleased to call it. He being an excellent mimic, my lord made him plead before him in a feigned cause, in which he aped all the great lawyers of the age, in their tone of voice, and in their action and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers but of the law itself; which to me (says the historian) did not seem altogether prudent in a man of his lofty station in the law: diverting it certainly was; but prudent in the lord high chancellor, I shall never think it." After the fall of Jeffries, Mountfort returned to the stage.

Plays without a Plot.—Colonel Mottley was a great favourite with King James II., and followed the fortunes of that monarch into France. When he came over to England on a secret commission from the abdicated king, the government gained the information and wished to have him arrested, but he eluded their search. He frequented the Blue Posts, in the Haymarket, with one Mr. Tredenham, who was seized there with his papers (manuscript plays) and carried to the Earl of Nottingham, who desired to look them over, which having done, he returned them to Mr. Tredenham, assuring him that he was perfectly satisfied; "For, upon my word," said the Earl, "I can find no plot in them."

Orestes.—This tragedy was translated from Voltaire, by Dr. Francklin, and acted at Covent Garden, March 13, 1769, for Mrs. Yates's benefit. This play was originally acted at Paris, January 12, 1750, and was written (says Baker) in order to give France some idea of a tragedy without love, without confidantes, without episodes. When it was acted, the initials of this line of Horace being printed on the pit tickets,

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,"

O. T. P. Q. M. V. D.—a wag pretended that they meant *Oreste*; a tragedy, *que M. Voltaire donne*, i. e. "A pitiful tragedy which M. Voltaire exhibits." This play was not successful. P. T. W.

Poetic Wit.—If we may believe (says Baker) the following punning lines, written upon John Day, the dramatist, by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn, on his running away and bilking his landlord, he was of rather light principle: viz.—

Here night and Day conspire a secret flight;
For Day, 'tis said, is gone away by night!
The Day is past; but, landlord, where's your rent?
You might have seen that Day was almost spent.
Day sold, at length put off what'er he might,
Though it was ne'er so dark, Day would be light.

P. T. W.

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